

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE CHAPERON'S DOWNFALL.

How the Bicycle Has Inaugurated an Interesting Revolution.

The bicycle has a new function. It is relegating the chaperon to her proper sphere. It is not good-by nor a long farewell to the dowagers on duty. They will wag as long as society swings. But in the last year there has been a lightening of the fetters that fasten a society girl to her chaperon's side, and this, too, in the innermost circles, the approval of which makes a custom good form.

This is how the change was described by one of the moving spirits in the potential clique of New York's most desirable society.

This white-haired young matron was in an after-dinner mode, ready to scold.



NO CHAPERON NEEDED.

Illustrate a new idea if her brains were properly rubbed. Her white crepon dinner gown, touched up with a cool, green velvet and Valenciennes lace, was faultless, and harmonized with the youthful face under its pompadour frame of prematurely white hair. She had been congratulated on the overwhelming success of her last charity project, and not a care disturbed her serenity. Everybody knows that this woman, with her unassailable position due to birth, wealth and natural leadership, can afford to point a new way even if a hundred other women have not discovered the possibility of leaving the old one.

Bicycling was the subject. In the midst of a breezy description of the possible appearance of certain society women as chaperons aboard bicycles the hostess flung her little bomb.

"Didn't you know that chaperons are not insisted on now for girls who bicycle?"

A couple of elderly dinner guests who had returned to the drawing-room in time to catch the question looked amused, and the satirical one of the pair smiled an appropriate smile as she said:

"Ah! no doubt the bicycle will be very popular in that case."

The hostess laughed. "That expresses it, and, of course, you will try a wheel at once. It seems ridiculous to think of the bicycle having a hand in the downfall of chaperons, but it appears very much that way now. This is my experience. I have two sons. Both my boys disappear every pleasant day for several hours. When they come back, if I ask where they have been, the answer is: 'Out with the girls bicycling.'"

"Who went?" and they mention a couple of girls who are going into society next season. As to chaperons, never one is heard of. I have been talking this over with the mothers of several girls. They agree that when their daughters go out with their bicycles they never think to ask where they may be going or to suggest the necessity of a chaperon. They know that when a couple of girls start together somewhere very shortly a couple of boys meet them. Usually 'the gang,' as they express it, gets to-



SHE COULDN'T KEEP UP, ANYWAY.

gether. Now, these girls are too intent on keeping the pace the young men set to get into mischief. They are going to get to Claremont in the fifty minutes' time limit, and the girl who keeps up best with the boys is the favorite. They don't dismount except for a few moments before returning. It is the athletic spirit again, and all very favorable to the release of the chaperon from many of her duties. Such a thing wouldn't have been heard of five or six years ago, where we were ultra English. Then a chaperon was indispensable, and the proudest boast of a society mother was that her daughter had never been left alone a moment from her birth to the time she was handed over to some young man at the altar."

Some Tasty New Dishes.

Very pretty doilies are made of fine Japanese linen edged with rope stitch. Cut the shape of different leaves, the edge may be in green wash silk. Or they may be cut to simulate a rose and the edge worked in pink to form petals. Or decorate with a border to represent an encircling ribbon tied with ends. Or they may be made of the sheerest linen and decorated with indelible ink and a pen to form any sort of quaint design.

Strained Eyes Make Wrinkles.

If more women realized that straining the eyes produces wrinkles, more would exercise a proper care of these valuable members. Reading by a dim or falling light, coming suddenly from a dark room to a light one, or vice versa, overworking the eyes in any way, and last, but by no means least, wearing dotted and cross-hatched veils—these and more taxing of the eyesight are of valuable assistance in the wrinkle-making process.

THE GIRL OF THIRTEEN.

Unless She Has Good Care She Will Make a Forlorn Woman.

The girl of thirteen is the future woman and a very important parcel of humanity, says the New York Sunday Advertiser. She is a child and just growing into womanhood, and this transition which, to grown-ups, means only a sudden shooting up beyond all bounds and a tendency to stooped shoulders, is much more to the girl who leaves childhood behind and is not yet a young lady. Fast growing is a very great drain on any child's strength, and as at thirteen she usually has considerable work at school, both mind and body are called upon to do double work. That is why she needs care.

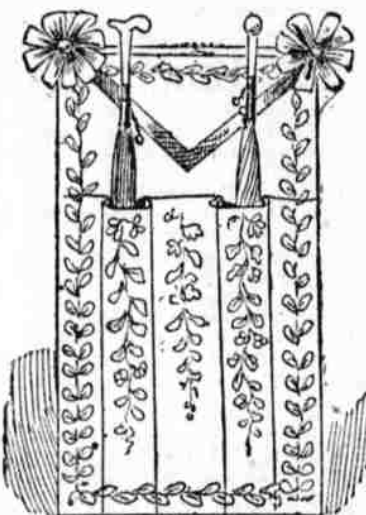
Good food, rest and congenial company are some of the things which are necessary for the girl of thirteen. She should not have too much excitement, or books to read which tax her thoughts too much, as her mind develops only too quickly at this age, and everyday life and lessons are enough to occupy her. She should go to bed early and sleep ten hours. For breakfast she should eat strengthening, bone-making food, oatmeal, oranges, brown bread, eggs and milk. For her midday meal she should have something more sustaining than a bread-and-butter lunch, if she is to grow up into a strong woman. Hot soup and a chop and a baked potato every day for three months will make her stand up straighter than braces will.

She should have a walk in the open air every day; if she does not get this she will grow nervous and sleepless, have fantastic notions about an early grave and running away from home, or, worse still, grow sentimental and write morbid little verses and weep over the poor. These are all true symptoms of the girl of thirteen. She begins to think she is very old as soon as she gets into her teens, and the responsibilities affect her sensitive new mind to an appalling degree—if she is given the time to think of them.

NEAT PARASOL CASE.

Just the Thing for Dressing-Room or Traveling Outfit.

This is a very handy case, either to put umbrellas in while traveling or to hang on the wall of a dressing-room to keep them in.



The foundation is unbleached linen, the back is cut 25 inches deep and 19 inches wide; the front is 25 inches deep, and 29 inches wide. The front is arranged in two box plaits, which form the pockets, the top of each of which is embroidered with a stripe in creases or flax thread; a shorter stripe is worked between the pockets. The edges are sewn together, and a border of leaves is worked entirely round. The embroidery will look best worked with one color or shades of one color. A rosette of ribbon, with a pointed strap between them, is placed at each of the upper corners, and if the case is to be hung up a loop should be sewn under each of the rosettes by which to suspend it from hooks on the wall. When used for traveling the case is rolled up and tied round with ribbon, fastened in a bow.—St. Louis Republic.

PIQUANT PEA SOUP.

Recommended as an Excellent Addition to the Home Menu.

A recipe for a pea soup which has a little different flavor from our everyday pea soup comes from India, where it is customary to use sharp, piquant flavorings. This soup may be recommended as an excellent addition to our home menu.

Put a pint of sound green peas to soak in a quart of water over night. In the morning drain them and add three pints of cold water and a bit of soda the size of a pea. Boil them very slowly until they are soft enough to press through a sieve. An ordinary flour sieve will do. Cut a small onion in bits and add two cloves of garlic, or use two onions if more convenient. Fry these in two tablespoonsful of butter. Add six cloves and one bayleaf, and finally add the whole to the peas that have been strained through the sieve. Put in a tablespoonful of salt and a cup of canned tomatoes, or fresh ones in their season. Let the soup cook slowly for half an hour, when, if it is too thick for a soup, thin it with a little boiling water and let it cook ten minutes longer. At this time add a pinch of red pepper, a tablespoonful of butter and a cupful of squares of bread which have been fried golden-brown in butter.

This soup has an additional advantage of being comparatively inexpensive.—N. Y. Tribune.

New Bread Pudding Recipe.

A new recipe for bread pudding is one worth adding to the housekeeper's note book. Soak one pint of fine crumbs in a pint of milk until soft, add three tablespoonfuls of cocoa dissolved in a little water, three well-beaten eggs, a half-cupful of granulated sugar, and another pint of milk. Set the pudding-dish in a pan of hot water and bake one hour. Whipped cream flavored with vanilla is very good with this pudding, or a sauce made from a scant cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of corn starch and a cupful of water may be used. Cook the ingredients in a double boiler ten minutes, and just before serving add an ounce of butter and a half-teaspoonful of vanilla.—St. Louis Republic.

A YEAR OF DEBT CREATION.

Democratic Mismanagement Sapping the National Resources.

For several years the actual expenses of carrying on the government, exclusive of post office receipts, have averaged over \$31,000,000 per month. They should have been a little smaller during the year just ended on some accounts, but a little larger because interest amounting to \$9,000,000 yearly was added prior to December, and about \$2,500,000 yearly after February 1. But in order to make a fictitious showing of improvement at the end of the fiscal year, the treasury has refused to pay part of its actual obligations under appropriation laws enacted, although these laws were so far below the real expenses of the government that some branches of the public service have been seriously crippled. The indignation of United States judges because they have been obliged to close their courts and discharge witnesses and delay justice on account of deficient appropriations will not be forgotten. It is disgraceful that there should be added to unjustifiable delays of this kind other acts of virtual repudiation which have no excuse, because the money for payment has been lawfully appropriated, and is now lying idle in the treasury.

The available cash balance, including the gold reserve, is officially reported as \$193,836,592, and the government would have been in no respect worse off if that balance had been \$10,000,000 lower, while its creditors would have been more honestly treated. The official report makes the expenditures for the year \$335,190,450, against \$307,325,280 the year before, and \$353,477,957 in the fiscal year 1893-94, the wrong being that in June the treasury paid less than \$29,000,000, when it actually ought to have paid nearly \$10,000,000 more. The fact that one has to look back four or five years to find in any month payments as small as those made in the month just closed is sufficient to disclose both the nature and the motive of the performance.

Some disavowal on the part of officials whose elaborate calculations are so largely responsible for the existing revenue law is not unnatural, but it does not afford the faintest excuse for injustice toward public creditors. It will be remembered that Secretary Carlisle himself called attention to the obvious fact that the income tax would not become available to any great extent until after the fiscal year had ended, but he estimated in his official report of last December a revenue from customs of \$160,000,000, which was nearly \$8,000,000 more than the actual receipts. He also calculated upon \$165,000,000 from internal revenue, which was nearly \$3,000,000 more than the actual receipts, and comparison with his letter to Senator Harris last August shows that his official estimates included practically nothing for the tax on incomes. The deficiency in internal revenue, as has recently been explained, is in large measure due to the net for the enrichment and delectation of the whisky trust, which the secretary himself is understood to have strongly favored. The customs receipts fall short of expectations because, although imports are large, the ad valorem duties opened the way to heavy evasion by fraudulent invoices.

President Cleveland came into office in March, 1893, with a cash balance in the treasury of \$124,128,088, and the interest-bearing debt was \$385,000,000. By borrowing \$117,000,000 by the two issues of 5 per cent. bonds and \$12,500,000 on 4 per cents, the government has raised its interest-bearing debt to about \$747,000,000, and, by refusing to pay debts overdue, has raised its cash balance to \$193,836,592. But all these operations do not serve to hide the fact that the change in the revenue system, to which the party in power sacrifices everything else, has left the government without revenue enough to meet its necessary expenses. It is so often said that the republican administration left the government in difficulty, notwithstanding the cash balance on hand, as above stated, that it may be well to recur to the fact that the actual revenue fell only \$5,000,000 below the expenditures for the eight months of the fiscal year preceding the inauguration of President Cleveland. Under the old laws there had been for years no difficulty, and would have been none had those laws remained in force without the threat of a change of policy.—N. Y. Tribune.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The democratic party is sadly in need of a herder to get the scattered sheep together.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"The fiscal year just closed makes an exhibit which is anything but gratifying to democratic free trade theorists. Their theory was a beautiful thing, but it went all to pieces when it was attempted to be put in practice.—Toledo Blade.

"The democrats begin the new fiscal year with an excess of expenditures over receipts of two millions a day. But still they ask us not to believe that the treasury books were not 'doctored' in the closing week of the last fiscal year.—N. Y. Press.

"The advances in wages simply mean that the employers are now doing business upon the theory that the conditions which caused the reductions cannot be repeated because of the recent and approaching republican victories.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Washington county has been the chief area of the wool-growing industry in Pennsylvania, and among the chief areas of the United States. On Saturday, June 15, 2,000 head of sheep were shipped from Washington county to Pittsburgh. They averaged 50 cents per head in open market. One lot of ninety-five Merinos was offered at \$30. Three years ago such sheep were worth \$2 or \$2.50 per head. This represents a shrinkage of seven-eighths in the value of the sheep, which is the 'raw material' of wool. But there has been no such decrease in the price of the manufactured article, as a visit to any clothing store will testify.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

DEMOCRATIC BUNGLING.

Incompetency Rapidly Emptying Uncle Sam's Purse.

One hears a great deal nowadays about the return of good times under the present democratic administration and its mongrel tariff law. There are, to be sure, a number of mills and factories that have restored the old wage scale, but they are in the minority at that. No one wonders why this is thus.

There has been a constant consumption of goods during the two years period of suspension, until now the supply has been exhausted, more or less, and these mills and factories have been able to resume operations and pay the old wages at least for a time. In addition to this cause for a return to the old wages is that the republican victories of the past eighteen months have brought confidence to the manufacturer and he now hopes to experience a return of complete prosperity, when another presidential election rolls around and the republican party is fully restored to power again.

It seems strange that with all of this "marked return to good times" that is being experienced in the minds of our democratic brethren, that no new industries are being developed and that capital is not being brought into use by the building of new plants, whereby labor might be employed at a good wage price. In this particular more than in any other lies the true result of good times, and not until capital is so employed will we again experience the prosperity and blessings that were given us under the administration of Benjamin Harrison.

The most striking result of democratic tariff bungling and party incompetency, however, is revealed by the figures setting forth the condition of the national finances at the close of the fiscal year. Last year the deficit was \$70,000,000 and this year it reaches nearly \$15,000,000. Next year there will certainly be another deficiency unless the republican house of representatives is careful to cut down every appropriation, even though this expediency cannot result in any great benefit to the government service. Besides all this there have been bonds issued to the extent of \$162,400,000 since Mr. Cleveland took his seat as president, not to speak of the big robbery of the people's money by the foreign bond syndicate which was allowed by the administration when the last issue of bonds was made.

This record when contrasted with that of the republican administration needs no comment to show people what bungling has been going on at Washington during the past twenty-eight months. The public debt was reduced during the republican administration to the extent of about \$60,000,000 each year, with no issue of bonds to keep up the treasury reserve and no annual deficit to be provided for. The two years and four months of democratic rule will show a difference in the condition of the finances of the country, when contrasted with the same period of Harrison's administration, of over \$600,000,000 in favor of the republicans, not to speak of the countless losses of business throughout the land on account of the panic.

No wonder the people want a change. Uncle Sam's purse strings have been cut off and the money bag is getting empty mighty fast.—Albany Journal.

TWO LAWS SUMMARIZED.

A Comparison Which Should Prove Convincing.

A Washington correspondent summarized and compared results as follows:

Wilson law, first ten months—Receipts, \$23,343,924.

McKinley law, first ten months—Receipts, \$209,872,852.

Wilson law, ten months August, 1894, to June, 1895—Receipts, \$235,343,924.

McKinley law, corresponding ten months last year—Receipts, \$239,807,774.

Wilson law, last ten months—Receipts, \$235,343,924.

McKinley law, closing ten months—Receipts, \$264,131,583.

Wilson law, first ten months—Deficiency, \$2,077,181.

McKinley law, first ten months—Surplus, \$12,280,513.

Wilson law—Average monthly deficiency, first ten months, \$5,121,718.

McKinley law—Average monthly surplus, first ten months, \$1,280,051.

Wilson law—First ten months' contributions to sinking fund, nothing.

McKinley law—First ten months' contributions to sinking fund, \$36,000,000.

This is a good clipping to carry with you. It contains argument for a whole campaign against attempted and cowardly free trade, cowardly because the democratic party became afraid of its own doctrines long before the bill was finally sent to the president for his signature. Under the McKinley law there was an average monthly surplus of a million and a quarter which was as regularly applied to the liquidation of the national debt. Under the Wilson law there has been an average monthly deficiency of four millions and a quarter. The rest has been made by selling bonds. The question is whether the American people prefer to pay interest on bonds or to make the foreigner pay for the privilege of bringing his goods to this country to be sold in competition with the products of our own farms and factories?—N. Y. Tribune.

"The democratic hotch-potch tariff raised the tax on whisky twenty cents per gallon, and the revenue from that stimulating beverage has fallen off twenty million dollars. Against the published advice of almost every secretary of the treasury of all parties, against the experience of the oldest treasury officials, and the earnest protest of the ablest republican statesmen, the democrats, accepting the recommendations of the West Virginia college professor, Wilson, substituted ad valorem for specific duties on a variety of articles. In doing so with sugar, through fluctuations in its price and undervaluations, the revenue from that source has fallen off over twenty-five million dollars. Taking everything into consideration the incapacity of this democratic administration has surpassed in magnitude anything known or that can be imagined, except the mercy and power of God.—Louisville Commercial.



THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD AND HIS TEAMS OF ZEBRAS.

Zebbras are among the latest fads of the British aristocracy. Lord Rothschild has a four-horse team of zebbras broken to harness which he drives around his country place and through the streets of South Kensington. The question is now being discussed as to whether they cannot be broken for use as polo ponies.

How One Is Burnt.

Householder (ironically, as he pays bill)—I suppose you just guess how much gas people use, and charge accordingly.

Collector—No, indeed, sir. These bills are all carefully calculated from the last census returns.

Householder—What have the census returns to do with it?

Collector—They tell how many grown-up daughters you have.—Brooklyn Life.

On a Goat.

Here lies the body of poor Nan: Death came within a minute. She monkeyed with an old tin can And found a cracker in it.

—Judge.

WOMAN'S LOGIC.



Husband—What did you have such a thundering big sign made for?

Wife—So people can see it at a distance. No one would buy the house if they got very near to it.—Truth.

Beauty's Protection.

Plotting Mamma—Why do you always take your Cousin Nellie with you? Her beauty makes you and your sister look plain.

Daughter—I know it, mamma; but when we have Nellie along, we never have any trouble finding a policeman to take us across the street.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Great Scheme.

Gothamite—I understand that hog-killing is reduced to such a fine art in Chicago that nothing is lost, except the squeal. Even the blood is made use of.

Chicagoan—Before long we won't lose even the squeal. We'll take them on phonographic cylinders and sell them for Fourth of July celebrations.—Puck.

His Idea of It.

Teacher—What little boy can tell me why some little boys have longer ears than some other little boys?

Tommy Traddles—Please, ma'am, their poppers pull 'em harder.—Brooklyn Life.

Enslaved for Life.

The glorious Fourth, I grieve to say, Delights not me like other men: For I was married on that day, And lost my independence then!—Puck.

THE LOVER'S REMINISCENCE.



He (who was in love, but is so no more)—I wonder what I ever saw in that girl that made me spend twenty-five cents on her?—Judge.

Not the Answer She Wanted.

Teacher—Children, you should all ways respect your teacher. Now, Willy Green, tell me why you should respect me?

Willy—On account of your age.—Puck.

A Superfluous Question.

Doctor—You wish me to tell you the truth?

Patient (feebly)—Yes, doctor, if you please.

"You are not afraid of death?"

"I have been a baseball umpire."—Texas Sittings.

More Comfortable Here.

"Satan keeps himself busy in this world."

"Well, you don't blame him for staying away from home, do you?"—Life.

Brought to the Scratch.

She—I'll bet you a box of cigars against a box of gloves that I get married before you do.

He—I take the bet. But I had hoped you would marry me.

She—So I will.

He—Then why did you make such a bet?

She—I knew your sporting blood. You'd do anything to win a bet.—N. Y. World.

A Natural Misconstruction.

Little Johnnie—Are you going to fire off crackers between your teeth?

Rev. Dr. Primrose—No, my young friend. I'm going to celebrate the glorious anniversary by delivering an oration. What ever put such a foolish idea into your head?

Little Johnnie—I heard dad say you were going to shoot off your mouth.—Truth.

A Firm Denial.

Father—I saw you kiss my daughter last night, sir, and—

Young Man—I beg your pardon, you did not.

Father—But I saw I did.

Young Man—And I insist you did not.

We had the gas turned off.—Detroit Free Press.

Jealousy.

Miss S—Of course you have heard of my engagement to Lord Southeast. It is to be the wedding of the year.

Mrs. B (who is also a bride of the year)—Really, dear! I am delighted to think some one has appreciated your good qualities at last!—Judge.

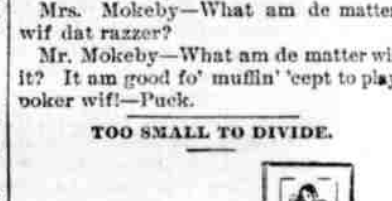
Impaired Efficiency.

Mr. Mokeby—Who's been openin' canned corn agin wif dat razzar?

Mrs. Mokeby—What am de matter wif dat razzar?

Mr. Mokeby—What am de matter wif it? It am good fo' mufin' 'cept to play poker wif!—Puck.

TOO SMALL TO DIVIDE.



Johnnie (surveying his small piece of pie)—I'm blame glad I'm not twins.

Mamma—Why?

Johnnie—'Cause there's not enough pie even for half a twin.—Judge.

Yet He Meant Well.

"Young man," said the near-sighted passenger, "would you mind getting up and giving this old gentleman a seat?"

"Sir!" exclaimed the bloomer girl and the bearded lady simultaneously.—Chicago Tribune.

She Had Him.

Britisher—Why is it that you American girls always use the vulgar word "lots"?

Heiress—Well, it may be a vulgar word, but if we only have enough of the corner kind we can have the pick of you swell Londoners.—N. Y. World.

His Experience.

Banker (to applicant for clerkship)—Have you had any experience in a bank?

Applicant—Yes, sir! I was a depositor in one until the cashier ran away with all the funds.—Harper's Bazar.

Severe.

Cholly Playwrite—Snifkins, why did you leave the theater after the first act of my new opera last night?

Snifkins—I saw by the programme that there were two more acts to follow.—Town Topics.

A Reckless Lover.

She—What would you do if I were to fall overboard?

He—At the risk of my life I'd—

"I knew you were a hero!"

"I'd throw you a life preserver."—St. Louis Republic.

Equivocal.

"Poor Softleigh is perfectly infatuated with that MacFlirtier girl, and I don't believe she ever gave him a thought."

"She'd have to be a remarkable woman to do that."—Brooklyn Life.

His Brain Box Was Empty.

Briggs—You say the phenologist who examined your head wasn't very complimentary.

Griggs—Hardly. He told me I was fitted to be a leader in society.—Life.